The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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October.

MONTH of fruitage, bright and golden,
Gathered into barn and store;
Month of leafage, ripe and olden,
Strewing all our pathway o'er.

Month of nature's inspiration—
Dale and forest, lake and sky,
Lit with endless variegation,
Write thy name in every dye.

Thine the glory of the seasons,
Thine the hope of all the year,
Thine the fruit of toil and labor,
Thine the meed of anxious care.

Well for thee that robe of rainbow
Spreads thy couch of glorious hue;
Thou hast won thine honors bravely—
Robes of light become the true.

Rest thee on thy couch of beauty,
Rest thee while thy children sing;
Glad they pay thee love and duty,
Grateful votary offerings bring.

Full of blessings, blessings crown thee:
Blessings fall where blessings rise;
Souls that scatter wide their bounty,
Gather multiplied supplies.

Old October! may our evening,
Rich with mellow tints as thine,
Rich with fruit of grand fulfillment,
Radiant fall on life's decline.

Our Father Who Art in Heaven.

THY Father, little one, and mine,
Is He who reigns above:
Thy prayer and mine He deigns to hear
In mercy and in love.
Thy prayer and mine, dear little child,
He deigns in love to hear;
Oh, to His blessed mercy-seat
Let us in faith draw near.

For the Myrtle.

Little Pet Blessing.

A FAIRY STORY.

"THE FRIEND" was the name of a house that stood a great many years ago in a small quiet village.

The house was called "The Friend" because any tired traveller or poor man could get a nice supper and a night's rest under its roof by paying a small sum of money.

"The Friend" was kept by a kind man whose name was Robert Blessing. He had one little child and her name was Mary, but she was such a sweet-tempered, sweet-voiced, well-behaved child, that her parents called her Pet.

Sometimes strangers would stop on the street when Pet was sitting in the door, and give her a stick of candy or ask her for a kiss, and sometimes they would say "won't you give me one of your pretty curls?"

Pet never said "I won't" when any one asked her for a kiss as some children do, but would lift up her red, rosebud mouth, and take all the kisses she could get. "Taus I like to hab people say I'm a a dood dirl," said little Pet, but when anybody begged her for a glossy curl, Pet would laugh and shake her head and say, "O I tan't! my mama say she tant spare one of them."

Sometimes the travellers who stopped at Pet's house would take her on their knees and tell her all sorts of pretty stories; but she liked fairy stories the best, and she wondered very often if she should ever see a real fairy.

There was a beautiful grove of oaks just behind Pet's house where the sunlight used to peep through the branches of the tall trees and kiss the blue and white flowers, and bright green mosses, that nodded their curly heads to the wind.

One sunny day Pet thought she would take a walk in the grove, and "prap's," said she to herself, "I shall see a real fairy."

She ran to the garden gate, and peeped through the rails to the grove beyond. When she saw the great trees, and the dark shadows they cast on the ground she felt quite timi l for a moment, and thought she would not go into the woods that day, but put it off until some other time.

"But," thought Pet "I shan't see the fairies if I don't go where they are, and I dess they are over there in the woods." She ran through the gate, across the road right into the grove.

How cool was the soft breeze that fanned her rosy cheeks and tossed her golden curls.

"How sweet these pretty flowers are" said Pet aloud, "I should like to be a ittle fower; I dess the ittle fowers are dood ittle fings and never do anything wrong."

Pet was a very little girl and could not speak very plainly. She soon had her hands full of flowers, roots and buds and all, and as she walked slowly through the grove she looked up with the trees, and then under the bushes and big fern leaves, but could not find a single fairy.

A dozen birds began to sing, and Pet wished she could sing like them.

"I'll try," said she and then began to make the funniest sounds that ever you heard, and all the birds listened. One fussy robin-red-breast hopped from tree to tree until he got a few feet from Pet.

When Pet found she could not sing like a bird, she began to laugh, and fussy Robin red-breast tossed up his pretty head and sang her one of his sweetest songs; then he snatched a lazy caterpillar off of a leaf, and flew to the top of a tall pine tree, where he had four baby robins in a warm cozy nest.

Pet was afraid she should'nt see a fairy at all, and she was rather tired, and she sat down on a large mossy rock to rest. She shut her eyes and that very moment she heard the softest, sweetest music she had ever heard in her life, and what do you think she saw? Why twenty beautiful fairies. They all wore green dresses trimmed with silver fringe and each fairy held a tiny silver bell in her hand. They were all singing and ringing their bells, and that was the sweet music Pet heard.

In a little while they all stopped singing and began to dance. They danced so fast and so merrily that Pet could scarcely tell one fairy from another. One of the fairies tumbled down and all the others laughed at her and she laughed too, and Pet laughed with them.

When the fairies stopped dancing, one of them, whose nan e was Sparkle, threw Pet a kiss and asked her how she liked to see fairies dance.

"O ever so much," said Pet, "I never saw anyfing so nice in all my born days. Do fairies like ittle dirls?"

"We love good little girls," said Sparkle. "We like you."

"But I'm not always a dood dirl, I am very drefful naughty sometimes, I pinched the cat's tail yesterday and mama said I was a naughty ittile dirl."

"O, to be sure," said Sparkle, "all children are naughty at times, but you never tell wrong stories nor say cross words."

"I try to be dood but sometimes I tan't, every body is so good to me."

"That is right," answered Sparkle, "always be good and kind, and you will always be happy."

Sparkle looked very happy. She and the fairies commenced to dance again and ring their silver bells, which seemed to be saying, "ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ling-ting, ting-ling."

Whilst Pet was wondering how the fairies could dance so fast, she saw Sparkle throw her a kiss, and in a shorter time than it took Pet's old cat "Tib" to catch a mouse the fairies all went away and left Pet alone. Then a saucy squirrel, that sat on a tree just over her head cracking nuts let one of the nuts fall on her little nose, and woke her up. She laughed and threw some of her flowers at the squirrel, and then ran out of the grove as fast as she could, for Pet was afraid her good mama would miss her if she stayed any longer.

Pet never saw the fairies again, but she forgot that Sparkle had told her to be good and kind and she would always be happy.

Anna M. L. Moseley.

THE noblest thing on earth is the man who rises to the dignity of self-mastery. The man who can refuse indulgence to a clamorous desire can hold the craving appetite ungratified, and can say to the rising passion, "Peace, be still," is a hero above Alexander or Hercules.

Flowers.

The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come ; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." These words beautifully describe that portion of the year which, in our climate, begins about the middle of June. Earlier than this we sometimes have frosts and cold days ; later, the heat of summer becomes oppressive. At this season, nature wears her freshest bloom, but very soon decay commences.

The orchards are white with blossoms, and the fields are gay with bright colors ; for this is the season of flowers.

Shall we try to learn something of their nature and design? A very familiar flower, and one which we can take as an example, is the yellow daisy, or buttercup. The different parts of the flower are arranged in circles. Frst, on the outside, is a circle of green leaves ; this is the calyx. It is called the calyx from a Greek word that means to cover, and in the bud it is folded over the flower. Inside the calyx are the bright yellow leaves, which form the showy and attractive part of the flower. This circle of leaves is very appropriately called the corolla—the little crown of the flower.

The separate leaves of the corolla are called petals. Some flowers have several, as the buttercup ; in others, as the morning glory, the corolla has only one petal. Flowers with one petal have homes indicating their shape. The hare-bell is bell-shaped ; the trumpet honey-suckle is tubular, shaped like a tube, and some are wheel-shaped, salver-shaped, &c. The flowers of mint and sage have two divisions, upper and lower. Botanists call them labiate, or two-lipped flowers.

Within these circles of leaves are the essential parts of the flowers, those that produce the seed ; for though flowers are very beautiful, they were not created for beauty alone. They have another and an important purpose to fulfill in the Creator's plan. This purpose is the production of seed. The organs that produce the seed are in the center of the flower, in two circles. The floral envelopes, the leaves of the flower, are folded over these organs in the bud, and they protect and nourish the forming seed.

In many flowers this plan is carried out so plainly that we can easily tell the different parts of the flower. It is in the rose, peach, cherry, and apple blossoms, and many others. But there are other flowers that, although they are constructed on the same general plan, do not appear to be. Some, like hepatica, have no petals, and are beautiful because the calyx is colored. In others, as the lily, both calyx and coralla are colored, and there is no distinction between them. There are still others that owe their beauty neither to calyx nor corolla, but to a bright colored leaf that envelopes the stem of flowers. Indian turnip and calla are examples of this class of flowers.

Fowers are very beautiful. They give a pleasing variety to the landscape, and add to the attractiveness of our homes ; but they soon die. In this respect they are an emblem of the life of man. David says, " As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone." Here the flower withers, and man dies ; but in heaven both shall bloom in immortal beauty.

Youths Instructor.

Always Speak the Truth.

Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth ;
Whether work, or whether play,
Always speak the truth :
Never from this rule depart ;
Grave it deeply on your heart ;
Written 'tis in virtue's chart,—
Always speak the truth.

There's a charm in variety,—
Always speak the truth ;
But there's meanness in a lie,—
Always speak the truth.
He is but a coward slave,
Who, a present pain to waive,
Stoops to falsehood ; then be brave :
Always speak the truth.

Falsehood seldom stands alone,—
Always speak the truth ;
One begets another one,—
Always speak the truth.
Falsehood all the soul degrades ;
'Tis a sin which often breeds
Greater sins and darker deeds ;
Always speak the truth.

When you're wrong, the folly own,—
Always speak the truth ;
Here's a victory to be won,—
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong ;
Then with courage great and strong
Always speak the truth.

Wellspring.

PRIDE hides a man's faults from himself and magnifies them to others.

A BITTER DOSE.

For the Myrtle.

Taking Pictures.

H, play we were going to have our pictures took!"

So Mr. Peaslee heard as he was leaning out of his gallery window one summer morning.

Two small girls were at play in the shade of a tree near the window. The shining cases of pictures hanging in the photographers doorway, had probably made them think of this new game.

"Well," said the larger girl in a motherly way, "I will if you'll let me take it. You be the lady that's co ne for her picture, and I'll be the artist."

First they had to make a "thing to take pictures in." That was all the name they had for it. They tugged two pieces of board out under the tree and leaned them up together so they would stand, and then they laid a bit of a block on the top. This did very well, but they wanted a "round thing to look into." Soon they espied an empty fruit can in the street, and that was the very thing. They carefully put this on the block so it would not roll, spread a handkerchief over it, and then all was ready.

Minnie took her stand, and Molly hers. Molly said "Stand perfectly still; look right at the round thing; wink if you want to; now!" and flirted off the handkerchief.

About twenty times in the course of an hour, Minnie stood for her picture, and every time the artist said it was a b-e-a-u-tiful one.

Mr. Peaslee watched their game with great amusement, and wished he had half as many real pictures to take this idle morning.

Suddenly he thought he would have a little fun. Why shouldn't he take them a *real* picture, and let them carry it home and surprise their mother with it. "I don't believe I am going to have any better customers to-day," said he.

So he rapped on the window. The girls looked up, startled and ashamed; but when they saw him beckoning they came to the window.

"Come in here" said he, "and I'll show you how I take my pictures."

They looked as if they wanted to go but didn't quite dare to. "I don't know as mother would want us to," said Molly.

"Oh, your mother won't care," said Mr. Peaslee kindly. "A great many little girls come in here to see the pictures, and get theirs taken too. Besides I want to send your mother something."

Then the girls went in and Mr. Peaslee showed them the pictures and kept talking with them until they became quite well acquainted. Only Minnie hardly dared say anything, but kept close to Molly and clung slyly to her skirt.

Pretty soon Mr. Peaslee said, "Wouldn't you like to stand for a *real* picture?

"Oh, yes, sir," whispered Minnie, but Molly said "we should, only we haven't got any money."

"Oh, I don't want any money," said Mr. Peaslee. "We'll just *play* taking pictures as you did out under the tree."

So Mr. Peaslee fixed the two little girls up in front of the screne to have their pictures "took." He had Molly take off her hat and brush her hair, "but Minnie," he said, "should keep hers on and be a little gypsy." When he got them all ready and left them standing there Minnie began to feel afraid, and clung hold of Molly's dress again, which made the picture all the prettier.

Mr. Peaslee took out a big silver watch. "All ready, now!" he said. "Look right into the 'little round thing,' and keep perfectly still." And he took off the piece of black velvet.

In two seconds it was done. Mr. Peaslee drew out the glass, went off into a little dark room, and came out with the picture of the two little sisters, natural as life.

He put a frame around it, and did it up in a little package. "There," he said, "take that to your mother with the artist's compliments, and tell her we've been playing 'having our pictures took.'"

Mr. Peaslee laughed, and Molly and Minnie laughed. But they did not forget to thank him; and then they took their picture and ran home.

Their mother came over that afternoon to see if her little girls had troubled Mr. Peaslee. And when she found out how it was, she was so pleased to think he had taken so much interest in them that she sat for a picture herself. And the next day she dressed her little girls in their very best and let them stand for a dozen nice pictures. Then these came out so nice that their grandmother was persuaded to try for hers. And then their aunts one after another caught the desire. Mr. Peaslee thought that he never did a better morning's work for herself than when he and Molly and Minnie played at taking pictures.

H. A. B.

"Carrie."

Passing along the street the other day, through a group of children, I heard called the name of "Carrie!" Instinctively I turned to see who was called, but among the little ones, I could not tell which bore the name so indellibly stamped on my heart. Shall I tell you, children, why that name is so sacred to me? It is the name of three, once ours on earth, now among the angels in Heaven.

The first lived to young woman-hood. Sweet, gentle, loving,—the idol of parents, brother and sister, sunshine and happiness followed ever in her path. The favorite of school-mates, beloved by teachers, she lived a life which will shed its aroma long in the hearts of those who loved her. We thought she was ours for many pleasant earthly years, but suddenly and unexpecteply the summons came, and, with hearts almost bursting, we said, "Father, we give her back to Thee. Thou hast lent us this treasure for a season, and may our lives be the better because of what she has been to us."

Our second Carrie's little life was very short. Not one hour were the young, anxious parents, with their waiting hearts full of love to welcome her, permitted to keep her in this world. But with many tears they folded her tiny hands, closed the eyes which they had hoped would look on them with gladness, and gave her back to the Father,—a bud on earth to bloom in heaven.

Our third Carrie came to us on Easter Sunday, the first anniversary of the birth of our first Carrie into the immortal life. How we thanked God for the gift, as we took her in our arms and pressed her to our hearts! How we watched her growth through the charmed days of baby-hood, and caught the sparkle of health which shone in her beautiful blue eyes, and saw her little form rounding out in the fulness of health! So vigorous as she seemed to be, we felt that she would long be with us, and indulged in many pleasant dreams of what we were to enjoy with her. On the day that she was a year old, disease came, and, week after week, it slowly did its work. Still we hoped. But neither medical skill nor loving care could keep her. Three months we watched, and prayed, and hoped; but she was not given for earth. God called her, and the angels came and bore her away; and again, with sorrowing hearts, we had to open our arms, and give another to the immortals.

And now, though sad as we think how much sweetness has gone out of our homes, we look up, and, with the eye of faith, see our lovely trinity in heaven.

M. F. B.

KIND words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, make the weighed down spirits glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

— The Sunday School Convention held in Claremont this week has as one of its principal themes "Why is *one* lesson better than *many*?" That is just the question to discuss till everybody is converted. Rev. Mr. Perry will be present, and give a history of the one-lesson sytem.

VERMONT.

— At the recent State Convention the Sunday School report showed thirty Sunday Schools of our church in the state, with two thousand one hundred and ninety-seven pupils, and two hundred and ninety-seven teachers. Those are good members as a whole but they show nine or ten scholars to a teacher, and that is twice too many. More laborers are needed in the vineyard.

— The Barre Church omits one of the two Sunday Services that the students of Goddard Seminary may have a better opportunity to attend the Sunday School.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— The Standing Committee of the Sunday School Association is as follows: Rev. J. J. Lewis, South Boston, Chairman; Rev. G. W. Perry Lawrence, Secretary; Messrs. Gannett of Roxbury, Carpenter of Providence, Mrs. Babbit of Worcester, and Mrs. Fellows of Cambridgeport. It is under charge of this association that all the Institutes have been held.

CONNECTICUT.

— The Sunday School at Middletown was never larger than now; the attendance on a recent Sunday being one hundred and seventy-eight.

NEW YORK.

— The *Leader* has a pleasant account of the opening of the Harlem Mission School in New York City, written, we suspect, by the *Guiding Star* editor. As we cannot shorten without injuring it, we give it entire.

"The new Sunday School room of the Harlem Mission Church was well filled on Sunday morning last, with children, teachers and friends, who gathered there to enjoy the services of dedication. It is very neat and comfortable, well lighted and well ventillated, and furnished with all the neccessities and with some of the luxuries of a Sunday School room. Above the platform was the word Welcome wrought with exquisite beauty from Autumn leaves, while below the desk were two graceful wreaths and the symbol of the crucifixion wrought with equal beauty from similar materials; the whole making a picture as suggestive as it was charming.

The exercises were introduced by singing, which was followed by a lesson from 'The Altar,' prepared expressly for such an occasion. Mr. Shattuck, the faithful Superintendent, then expressed the School's gratitude to the friends who had prepared so pleasant a spot for their Sunday gatherings, and followed this by some earnest words to the teachers, scholars, and parents, words which falling on good ground will without fail return a good harvest. Rev. C. Fluhrer followed with an address of welcome to the School for the parish and friends, followed by many practical as well as beautiful thoughts for the consideration of all present from the youngest to the eldest After the singing of a hymn, Mrs. C. A. Soule gave the Fellowship of the Schools at large, followed by a talk to the Little Folks of the School, emphasizing little folks that it might be clearly underestood she considered them only a part of the Sunday School, it really embracing all ages from the little children to the white-haired men and women. After the singing of another hymn, Father Pryor addressed the school, in the course of which he presented an idea, which if not novel was well worthy of consideration by our people—that is—out of the friendships of the Sunday School might grow up nearer and dearer relations in life, relations which harmonizing in faith would be vastly more apt to result in peace and joy than those formed where there was discordance in religious belief. This pleasant talk was followed by further remarks from the Superintendent when the School sang a hymn and were dismissed by the pastor."

— There is a society at Standing Stone, with a handsome little church but no pastor. They do, however, what so many pastorless churches do,—keep up a live and prosperous Sunday School.

OHIO.

A union Sunday School picnic was held near New Caledonia, Aug. 28, at which our Sunday School was fully represented and warmly welcomed. Some of the brethren who saw this kindly and joyous mingling of Christians of many names,—six or eight hundred in all,—thought the long promised millennium had come.

— A writer to the *Star* from New Way says of the Sunday School there: "Our School is prospering finely under the faithful superintendency of Bro. S. G. Decrow, aided by Bro. A. S. Jamison, as assistant, who leads the school promptly and well in the absence of Bro. Decrow. Ninety-six scholars are enrolled, with an extra average attendance. Bro. W. B. Woodbury has preached here one-fourth of the time for fifteen years. Our general attendance is doubtless larger on our preaching days than at any church near us, while our Snnday School attendance is larger. We never had greater reason to thank God and take courage."

INDIANA.

— The Sunday School at Ireland, Fayette Co., is one of the best we have in the state. It is the second in point of numbers as compared with the Universalist Schools of the State. It is also the second in size in the country, only one Methodist school at the country-seat outnumbering it.

IOWA.

— At the late session of the State Convention, Sunday School addresses were made by E. A. Vancise and Rev. J. N. Pardee.

KANSAS.

At New Chillicothe, Dickenson Co., a Sunday School is organized and preaching is had one half the time by Rev. V. P. Wilson also occasionally by a lay brother, Joseph Wilson. Twenty copies of the *Guiding Star* are taken, which speaks well for the size of the school.

MAINE.

Rev. Mr. Day writes the *Banner* of a Sunday School Concert held in Oldtown, Sept. 28. "It was pronounced the finest," he says "given here for years. Among the attractive features were 'Rock of ages,' 'The Treasure' spoken by four little girls, and 'The Rival Queens' as arranged by Bro. Gunnison. The recitations in many respects could not be bettered. I would speak of each one separately did time and space permit. The singing was good;—suitable mottoes adorned the walls and the arch in front of the pulpit;—beautiful bouquets occupied conspicuous places—the church was crowded, and everybody went away well pleased with the evening's entertainment. I will add, our Sabbath School was never as prosperous as at present."

Pastor James Cook reports that a Sunday School in the Waldensian valleys begins at five o'clock in the morning, as the scholars have to watch the cattle on the mountains during the day. The pastor is often awaked by the children singing their Sunday school hymns while they are waiting for him at the church door.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXIII.—PAUL

Question. — To what place did the missionaries flee from Iconium?

Answer. — Acts xiv. 6.

Q. — What unfortunate man did they meet in Lystra?

A. — Acts xiv. 8.

Q. — What did Paul do for him?

A. — Acts xiv. 10.

Q. — What did the people say of this miracle?

A. — Acts xiv. 11.

Q. — Which of their gods did they say Barnabas was?

A. — Acts xiv. 12.

Q. — Which of their gods did they say Paul was?

A. — Acts xiv. 12.

NOTE. Barnabas was probably the finer looking man; and as Jupiter was the chief of the Greek deities, they called Barnabas Jupider. Paul was the more eloquent man, and he was called Marcurius, the god of eloquence.

Q. — What did the people attempt to do to Barnabas and Paul?

A. — Acts xiv. 13.

Q. — What did Paul declare that he and Barnabas were?

A. — Acts xiv. 15.

Q. — Did the people abstain from making sacrifices to them?

A. — Acts xiv. 18.

Q. — Who came to Lystra from Iconium and Antioch?

A. — Acts xiv. 19.

Q. — What did they come for?

A. — Acts xiv. 19.

Q. — What did the people do to Paul?

A. — Acts xiv. 19.

Q. — What appeared to be Paul's condition?

A. — Acts xiv. 19.

Q. — What took place as the disciples stood around the body of Paul?

A. — Acts xiv. 20.

Q. — What did Paul and Barnabas do on the next day?

A. — Acts xiv. 20.

Q. — As they visited the churches they had planted, upon their return home, what did they do?

A. — Acts xiv. 23.

Q. — When they arrived at Antioch, the place from which they started upon their first missionary journey, what did they do?

A. — Acts xiv, 27.

Q. — How long did they remain in Antioch?

A. — Acts xiv. 28.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 76, 62, 8, 9, 36, 73, 10, 56, 68 made silver shrines.
My 46, 1, 19, 80, 69, 22, 41, 53 is a town in Asia Minor
My 25, 40, 56, 66, 15 was the son of Abraham.
My 48, 59, 42, 23, 64, 38 was the name of a queen of Persia.
My 27, 3, 35, 29 was a son of Lamech.
My 2, 13, 60, 65, 57, 49, 8, 8, 4, 31 was a city given to the Levites.
My, 77, 72, 44, 50, 34, 11, 7, 17, 16, 27, is a sea in Galilee.
My 79, 59, 54, 10, 5 was a son of Jessie.
My 14, 21, 70, 72, 8 was a city of Judah.
My 12, 30, 20, 20, 1, 15 was a city of the Ammonites.
My 33, 24, 68, 61 was the son of Benjamin.
My 39, 47, 63, 75, 26, 46, 69, 56, 42 was a Roman centurion.
My 52, 72, 68, 18, 56, 11 was a successor of Felix.
My 58, 66, 39, 15, 9, 70, was a daughter of Laban.
My 62, 6, 4, 25, was a son of Seth.
My whole is found in Proverbs.

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